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BEAUTY
QUEEN
SISTER

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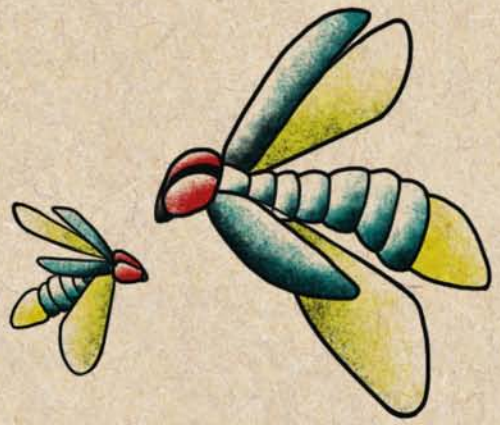


SHARE THE MOON

BY AMY RAY

I can go one day without calling
Two days without bawling
Three days without missing
But a lifetime with no kissing you
That's something that I just can't do
I wish I could be there to share the moon
I got more back for the breaking
More callus for making
A lifetime for the aching
I got no need to run this battery down
I'm just trying to get the stains out
I wish I could be there to share the moon
Hey la la
I'm gonna love you 'til it hurts
I don't mind if I do
Hey la la
I'm gonna love you 'til it works
I got no mind to lose
There's one trash heap burning
Them fireflies are returning
Nightfall is softly chirping
One trailer light is staying on 'til dawn
I wonder who it's waiting on
I wish I could be there to share the moon
Hey la la
I'm gonna love you 'til it hurts
I don't mind if I do
Hey la la
I'm gonna love you 'til it works
I got no mind to lose

AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – UKULELE, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
CAROL ISAACS – WURLITZER, HAMMOND B3, VIBES
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN

JOHN

BY EMILY SALIERS

John knows to prune the crepe myrtles
Before it is their season
Before the weather freezes
He blows the pipe lines clean
He worked for the fire department
Until his injury
Now he puts out the fires
For the girl from the city
His family's from these parts
Before the white men got there
Grows field corn on his lot
Keeps the road and dead trees cleared
He leaves a pile of brushwood
For me to burn, it burns so pretty
John's work is never done
Helping the girl out from the city
His mama goes to the local Baptist church
His daddy's buried there
His daddy did two tours of duty
As a gunner in the war
And was the first
To greet and treat me like a neighbor
John brings the country to me
The girl from the city
John knows that he could make a killing
Selling rights to fish the trout
To rich city men who come in
Grilling and swilling
So he'd rather do without
Still he opens up the gates for me
Atlanta groceries in my SUV
Doesn't take to waste or finery
But takes the girl in from the city
His mama goes to the local Baptist church
His daddy's buried there
His daddy did two tours of duty
As a gunner in the war
And was the first
To greet and treat me like a neighbor
John brings the country to me
The girl from the city
And he kindly tolerates
The wanderer in me
Who wishes she were from
Somewhere she would rather be
Planting tender shoots
Along a rushing stream
Well everybody has a dream
The girl from the city

EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS, LOOP
FRANK SWART – BASS
LUKE BULLA – MANDOLIN, VIOLIN
ALISON BROWN – BANJOLA
CAROL ISAACS – HAMMOND B3 ORGAN
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION, LOOP

BEAUTY QUEEN SISTER

BY AMY RAY

Everybody loves the beauty queen sister
But she always got the broken heart
'Cause she work hard to keep what God gave her
But the devil he's just pulling it apart
Hang on tight
Hang on tight now
Mama's got a friend named Monkeyman
With a two-seater bike
And a tattoo stand

He's gonna take me for that ride
He knows I've been losing ground most of my life
Hang on tight
Hang on tight now
Daddy prayed so hard
That Jesus came down and took him
Left me speaking in tongues
And hungry for something
So I fed the family, I changed out the sparks
But every day I gained, another fell apart
Hang on tight now
Hey little sister, I dig it okay
Looking for the fountain of love
Where the wild heart reigns
And the knife draws blood
And beauty is redeemed
But Cherry and Dallas won't ever be the same
Pony watched Johnny die
nothing gold can stay"
And those street kids and beauty queens
They don't stand a chance
So hang on tight…
Monkeyman says draw your picture
Give it some ink, hear the needle whisper
For all the broken hearts and the passing fancies
Pull the inside out, when you can
Hang on tight
Hang on tight now

AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
CAROL ISAACS – PIANO
THE SHADOWBOXERS: ADAM HOFFMAN,
MATT LIPKINS, SCOTT SCHWARTZ – BACKING VOCALS

WE GET TO FEEL IT ALL

BY EMILY SALIERS

My my how time flies
First time I met you had to shade my eyes
'Cause staring into the sun can make a girl blind
Now here we sit in a shadier spot
Got what I wanted and I want what I got
Through no will of my own
I just found my way home
But here is what I've learned about you
You set the sun and you hung the moon
Mid October or the month of June
Temperatures rise and fall
We get to feel it all
Sometimes I can't tell
You're open like a book
Or shut like a shell
But if I hold you to my ear
I can hear the whole world
The dark stories of a distant past
Our time created in a single blast
You like to laugh at me because I'm serious
And yes, it's true
But here is what I learned about you
You set the sun and you hung the moon
Mid October or the month of June
Temperatures rise and fall
But we get to feel it all
We get to feel it all
We get to feel it all
Time waits for no one
So I'm remembering that day in the sun
How I was thinking you needed time to cool down
When circumstances make us tired and colder
That's my coat thrown around your shoulder
And I know you'll give it back to me
When I need it, I believe it
Here is what I learned about you
You set the sun and you hung the moon
Mid October or the month of June
Temperatures rise and fall
We get to feel it all

EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
CAROL ISAACS – VIBES, WURLITZER
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN
THE SHADOWBOXERS: ADAM HOFFMAN,
MATT LIPKINS, SCOTT SCHWARTZ – BACKING VOCALS

WAR RUGS

BY AMY RAY

War rugs in the hallway
Prayer rugs on the wall
Who's walking tall
I should be kneeling
Soldier girl, oh soldier boy
Tell me what to say
When I see you at
Christmas leave
Tattooed in haste
Oh we're all growing up together
We're all making a mark on it
We're all damning the consequences
I want to understand the soul you have in there
Young Egypt seized the moment
And brought that bastard down
You got technology
You got archeology
We treated you like punters
Until you kicked the goal
Now we're claiming you for our team
'Cause what do we know
Oh we're all growing up together
We're all watching the video
We're all damning
The consequences
But I want to understand
The soul you have in there
Soldier boy, oh soldier girl
Tell me what to say
When I see you at Christmas leave
Oh we're all growing up together
We're all taking it pass or fail
We're all damning the consequences
I want to understand
The soul it takes to stand
For something bigger than myself

AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – VOCALS
VIKTOR KRAUSS – UPRIGHT BASS
JIM BROCK – DRUMS, PERCUSSION
ALISON BROWN – BANJO
CAROL ISAACS – VIBES
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN, MANDOLIN
LUCY WAINWRIGHT ROCHE – GUEST VOCALS

GONE

BY EMILY SALIERS AND ANNIE ROBOFF

Long drink of water and a pickup truck
On a bone dry summer I've been out of luck
But when you blew into town
I felt the winds of change
Little bit scary and a little bit strange
But I know from being broken harder
With nothing lose
Doesn't take much around here
To make such big news
And I'm gone
Mama left her warning from the old front porch
But I'm gone
They say you'll burn me like you're Sherman
With a big bad torch
I've seen a million suns go down on this tired town
Now you're here and I'm gone
So in comes the stranger to the tight lipped frowns
The walls come up and the shades go down
I can't help but see it like a movie scene
Where you bust on through and you rescue me
And the sign of a happy ending
Is an out of state tag
Outside of the house where the girl inside
Is packing her bags
And I'm gone
Mama left her warning from the old front porch
Gone
They say you'll burn me like you're Sherman
With a big bad torch
I've seen a million suns go down on this tired town
Now you're here and I'm gone
Doesn't seem like it's too much to ask
For a reckless grin and a tank full of gas
Gone
Mama left her warning from the old front porch
Gone
They say you'll burn me like you're Sherman
With a big bad torch
And I don't know if I will ever belong
But I'm done here doing time
And I'm moving along
And I'm gone gone gone gone gone
Gone…

EMILY SALIERS – SLIDE GUITAR, ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
AMY RAY – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
CAROL ISAACS – PIANO
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
ALISON BROWN – BANJO
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN

MARINER MOONLIGHTING

BY AMY RAY

Mariner moonlighting
Building for keeps
The art of the theater
And joinery
Something of wood and iron
Steady and strong
But the joining of hearts
Is a trick far beyond him
The cupids of heaven
Are painted to mock him
'Cause baby won't go
Go for that show
I read your name in charcoal
From a century ago
I stood in the rafters
While the world moved below
Ah, for the reverie
Of rigging and rope
But to untangle the tempest of love
Is another man's calling
The cupids of heaven are painted to mock him
'Cause baby won't go
Go for that show
Oh, to be free
From the swell of the moon
To stand in one place
While she moves to you
The cupids of heaven are painted to mock him
'Cause baby won't go
Go for that show

AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – CLASSICAL GUITAR, VOCALS
JIM BROCK – DRUMS, PERCUSSION
VICTOR KRAUSS – UPRIGHT BASS
CAROL ISAACS – VIBES, PIANO
LUKE BULLA – MANDOLIN
ALISON BROWN – BANJO

BIRTHDAY SONG

BY EMILY SALIERS

I couldn't think of a thing to write
On your birthday card
Considered the poets
But they didn't know what
Lay quiet inside my heart
I thought of Atlanta
I thought of Toronto
And all of the places we've been
I filled up my tea and looked into the trees
And still came up empty again
So I guess the next time you see me
In a world of partial truths
You will fully believe me
I have nothing to give except but to live
Like the person you know me to be
I can clean up the kitchen
And fold up your clothes
Neatly as I am able
Wrap a box up with ties for a surprise
And order you flowers for the table
I could book us a trip
On a plane or ship
I know how much you love the sun
You could gamble on me
Like the lottery
And I'll make you feel like you've won
And I bet the next time you see me
In a world of partial truths
You will fully believe me
I have nothing to give except but to live
Like the person you know me to be
Life is short and so on
I'd like to give you something to go on

Grow on
They recently paved the walk on our street
We looked at the shiny cement
We stopped the car, ready to carve
Our names into permanence
For a moment we're kids
Intent on a whim
There is no shadowy past
But even so the urge is to go
And put something down
That will last
So here goes
The next time
I show up for you
You will know
And believe
I am ready
To give and
Ready to live
Like the person
You know me to be

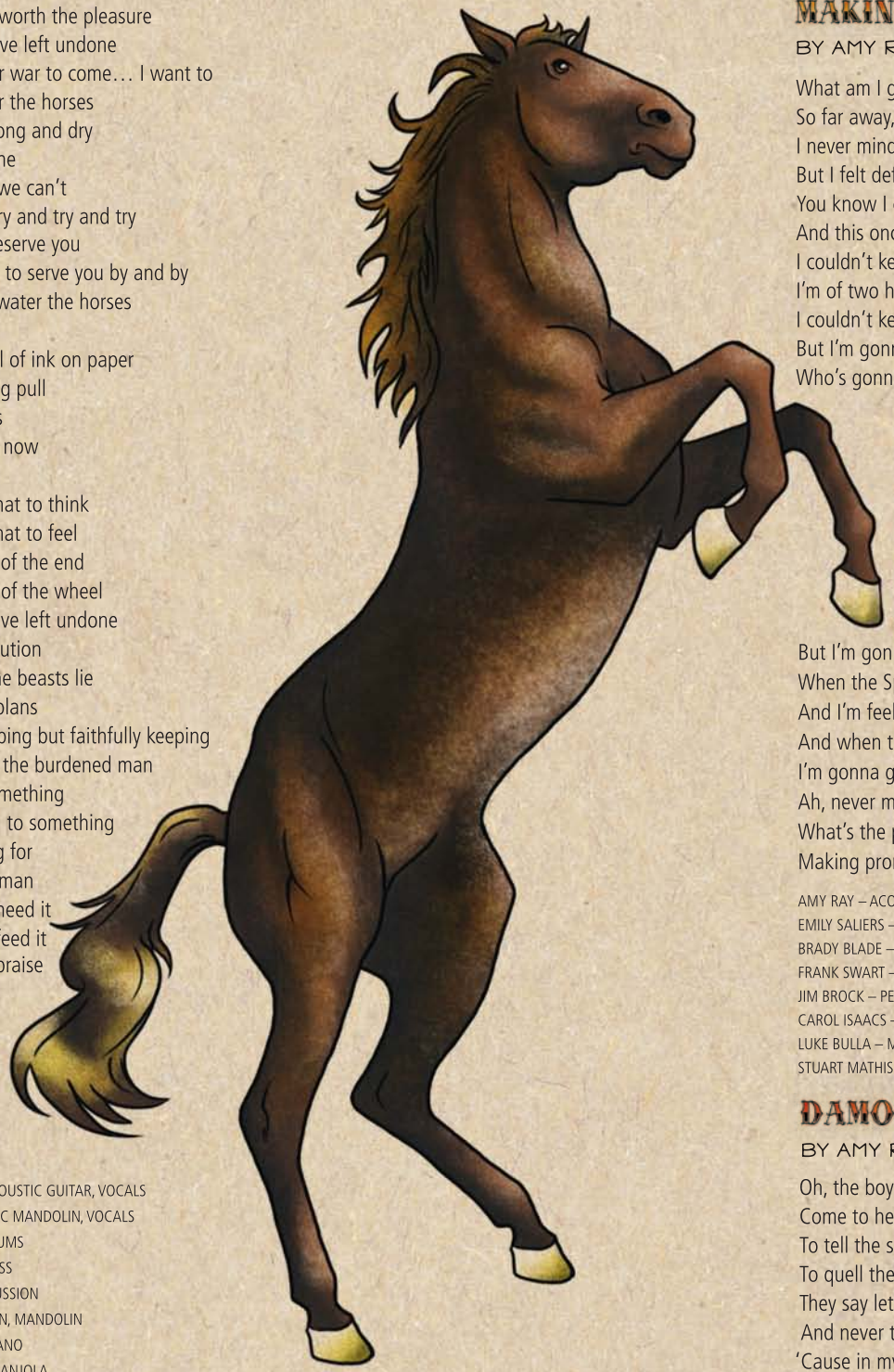
EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
VIKTOR KRAUSS – UPRIGHT BASS
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN
CAROL ISAACS – PIANO, VIBES
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
ALISON BROWN – BANJOLA
ALLEN PARKER – SYNTH LOOP

FEED AND WATER THE HORSES

BY EMILY SALIERS

Down the dark hall
Of my deep sleep
Where the past drops in
Like unwanted guests
Rattling their
Chains of thought
Shuffling their feet
Peering into things I thought I'd laid to rest
And for all I've left undone
There's another dream to come
Once there were wars fought over spice and salt
And a stick of gold became the standard measure
Nothing much has changed
In this modern age
And it won't until
The pain's not worth the pleasure
And for all we've left undone
There's another war to come… I want to
Feed and water the horses
The course is long and dry
Can't do it alone
We've known we can't
Although we try and try and try
We may not deserve you
But we'll come to serve you by and by
And feed and water the horses
Where they lie
I miss the smell of ink on paper
And its morning pull
All of the news
Comes via link now
All so virtual
Don't know what to think
Don't know what to feel
The beginning of the end
Or reinvention of the wheel
And for all we've left undone
We're still evolution
I realize that the beasts lie
Very near our plans
Peacefully sleeping but faithfully keeping
Their ready for the burdened man
If you knew something
Could take you to something
You were dying for
You burdened man
Wouldn't you need it
Wouldn't you feed it
Wouldn't you praise
it ever more

EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
AMY RAY – ELECTRIC MANDOLIN, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN, MANDOLIN
CAROL ISAACS – PIANO
ALISON BROWN – BANJOLA



MAKING PROMISES

BY AMY RAY

What am I gonna do with you
So far away, it makes me blue
I never mind just being alone
But I felt defeated and I let it show
You know I could have ridden the rainbow
And this once, I needed you to let me know
I couldn't keep myself from making promises
I'm of two hearts and up all night
I couldn't keep myself from making promises
But I'm gonna get it right this time
Who's gonna say, you paid your dues
With the strung out soundman and the promoter dude
With a pat on the back just a little far down
You cut your teeth on a drinking crowd
Ah, never mind you didn't make it
What's the point, if you're never gonna shake it
I couldn't keep myself from making promises
I'm of two hearts and up all night
I couldn't keep myself from making promises
But I'm gonna get it right this time
When the Spring is coming around
And I'm feeling braver, I'm gonna lay it down
And when the teenage hoodlums come out
I'm gonna give 'em a smile and just a little doubt
Ah, never mind we didn't make it
What's the point, if we're never gonna shake it
Making promises, I couldn't keep

AMY RAY – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
CAROL ISAACS – ACCORDION
LUKE BULLA – MANDOLIN
STUART MATHIS – ELECTRIC GUITAR

DAMO

BY AMY RAY

Oh, the boys of Dublin's Donaghmede
Come to hear their boxer sing
To tell the stories of their streets
To quell their suffering
They say let me go another round
And never take it laying down
'Cause in my heart I know

I'm strong enough to grow
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of fisticuffs
For the daughters of the truncheon
Damo sing a song of love
What do I know of Ireland
Except what made it here
Through the ports, into the hills
A whistle and a jig
They worked the fields, they worked the rails
And sang the songs of slaves
To keep the chains from binding on
To keep their bodies brave
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of toil and tug
For the daughters of the weary road
Damo sing a song of love
So gather round and bear this ground
While your brothers sweat and swing
Or hold each other for their life
In their love and in their rage
Sing of tribes and ties that bind
And sing yourself anew
Yeah the Dog of war, Lamb of God
The spirit is in you
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of fisticuffs
For the daughters of the truncheon
Damo sing a song of love
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of toil and tug
For the daughters of the weary road
Damo sing a song of love

AMY RAY – MANDOLIN, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
JOHN REYNOLDS – DRUMS
CLARE KENNY – BASS
EAMONN DE BARRA – WHISTLES, FLUTE
JOHN MCLOUGHLIN – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, MANDOLIN
DAMIEN DEMPSEY – BACKING VOCALS

ABLE TO SING

BY EMILY SALIERS

I went to a wedding
I brought a song
Folded up like a list of thanks
At a praise-a-thon
The bride was snow white
The groom was strong
The trail was as endless
As the day is long
Some days are fairytales
Some days belie
That four and twenty
Blackbirds baked in a pie
Could open up
Their sweet throats
To serenade a king
That's a lot of heat to take
And still be able to sing, sing, sing
It's not been proven hard to bring an ending's start
And even easier to die from a broken heart
Or was it blunt force trauma from the fireworks
Someone is celebrating while another gets hurt
Some days are fairytales, some days belie
That four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie
Could open up their sweet throats to a serenade a king
That's a lot of heat to take
And still be able to sing, sing, sing
Still I see them in the night
With their blood red wings alight
While the rocket's red glare
Gives proof through the night
That something's not right, something's not right

In the book of Stephen, there is no prophecy
'Cause there was no need for God
In the way things came to be
Some live by faith, some live by proof
They don't meet up on a friendly road
Or live under the same roof
Some days are fairytales, some days belie
That four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie
Could open up their sweet throats to serenade a king
That's a lot of heat to take
And still be able to sing, sing, sing…
And the birds fall hard like black rain
Darken the earth with a portent's stain
Beat like drums, beat like wings
Are we looking, are we listening

EMILY SALIERS – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
AMY RAY – ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
BRADY BLADE – DRUMS
FRANK SWART – BASS
LUKE BULLA – MANDOLIN
CAROL ISAACS – WURLITZER
ALISON BROWN – BANJOLA
JIM BROCK – PERCUSSION
LUCY WAINWRIGHT ROCHE – ADDITIONAL BACKING VOCALS

YOKE

BY AMY RAY

I found the binding of the yoke
That connects us here, in this herd of hope
Escort me to your kingdom come
From the gallows' hold, and the things we've done
You stole so much, so much at times
Just being bad, like the books we read
The helplessness that you played upon
Was just tenderness, to disarm
She ushered in love, but it drove you mad
Not to have everything of your envisioning
She wandered in on the peace you lacked
Yeah and you're losing still, that life you could've had
Tell that story one more time for me
Of the baited fields just for the taking dear
Where you heard the hunter's call
But your discipline kept you from the fall
But oh, to hold that tenderness in these grubby hands
I'd shoot anything
And you laughed at me, but you know I'm right
So why do you claim the strength to put up a fight
And you hold your nightmares close from view
The horses going wild, under a breaking moon
There's no way the bridle ever fits the bride
Yeah, and the weight of it, that's why we're here

AMY RAY – ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOCALS
EMILY SALIERS – VOCALS
JIM BROCK – DRUMS, PERCUSSION
VICTOR KRAUSS – UPRIGHT BASS
CAROL ISAACS – VIBES, ACCORDION
LUKE BULLA – VIOLIN

Produced by Peter Collins for Jill Music, Ltd. / Recorded by Trina Shoemaker and Allen Parker at Ocean Way Studio, Nashville, TN / Mixed by Trina Shoemaker at Druid Hill, Fairhope, AL / Mastered by Glenn Schick at Glenn Schick Mastering, Atlanta, GA / *Damo* produced by John Reynolds, recorded by Amy Ray and John Reynolds, and mixed by John Reynolds and Tim Oliver / Management: Russell Carter Artist Management, Ltd. / Booking Agent: Frank Riley, High Road Touring / Illustrations: Joseph Peery, joepeery.com / Package Design and Art Direction: Erin Bradley Dangar, dangardesign.com / All songs written by Amy Ray and Emily Saliers / All songs published by Godhap Music (BMI) 2011 c/o RCAM, 567 Ralph McGill Blvd., Atlanta, GA 30312 / Except *Gone*, written by Emily Saliers and Annie Roboff (Wazu Music/SESAC) / Alison Brown appears courtesy of Compass Records / Damien Dempsey appears courtesy of Sony Music / Brady Blade appears courtesy of Blade Studios and is endorsed by DW, Zildjian, and Vic Firth.

Carrie for the art of love; the Ray-Semones-Harting-Schrader-Holmberg Clan for the strength and forgiveness of family; Tanner for the heart of life; Brandi for the catalyst of the soul; Greg Griffith and Mitchell Froom for the craft of song; Lee T and Norm for kindness and laughter; Lindsay Fuller for the alchemy of truth; Justin Vernon for bravery and phonetics; the Wild Kingdom and all its inhabitants for the inspiration to just be – Dawn and Glo, Frank and Paul, Chuck and LaLa, Jeff and Sue, Foy and Julie, birds and beasts; and Emily for the music that never dies.

God; the gift of my mother's life; the gift of my father; Tristin; my whole family; my friends; my friends and teachers, especially L.A. and L.Z.; Annie; The Shadowboxers, for making me feel like a kid again about music; my dogs – all dogs, for that matter; Amy, the dog whisperer; and to Amy Ray, most awesome.

Russell, Cathy, Taryn and Delle at Russell Carter Artist Management; Peter Collins; Trina Shoemaker; Allen Parker; Carol Isaacs; Frank Swart; Brady Blade; Luke Bulla; Alison Brown; Victor Krauss; Jim Brock; Lucy Wainwright Roche; The Shadowboxers; Stuart Mathis; John Reynolds; Tim Oliver; Damien Dempsey; Clare Kenny; Eamonn de Barra; John McLoughlin; Frank Riley and everyone at High Road Touring; Kevin Welk, Dan Sell, Art Phillips, Stephen Brower, Ayappa Biddanda, Lucy Sabini, Stephanie Hopson, Tricia Rice, Georgette Cartwright, Morgana Kennedy, Lauren Park, Carrie Smith, Fred Jasper and everyone at Vanguard Records; Lisa Dupree; Dee Yellowlees; Denise Plumb; Erin Dangar; Joe Peery; Winona LaDuke, Faye Brown and Honor the Earth; Carolyn Snell and Thistle Farms; Julie Wolf; Becky Bodonyi; Lisa Sullivan; Brian Speiser; Tristin Chipman; Dave Belis; Mike Rose; Jonathan Bobo; Kevin Quigley; Keith Anderson; Mike Lennon; Heather Brookes; Stacey Singer; Rachel Hanely; Carla Scheri; Glenn Schick Mastering.

Pat McMakin, Gabrielle Mittlestaedt, Jordan Brooke Hamlin, Chris Pelcer, Buddy Miller, and Heather Hawkins

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